

Semi-Weekly.
Stories and Variety
for
Farm and Fireside.

SATURDAY
COURIER-GAZETTE.

An interesting story
every week in the year.
\$2.00 for both papers
8 pages Tuesdays.

VOLUME 1. This paper and the eight page Tuesday
Rockland, Maine, Saturday, April 26, 1890.
Semi-Weekly
Tuesday and Saturday.
NUMBER 10.

Births.
HUNTLEY—Rockland, April 16, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Huntley, a son.
PRICE—Rockland, April 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Price, a daughter.
CREAMER—West Waldo, April 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cramer, a daughter.
GAWYER—Waldoboro, April 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Hector L. Gaster, a son.
THURLOW—Deer Isle, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thurlow, a son.
JOHNSON—Rockland, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson, a daughter.
LEONARD—Rockland, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. William Leonard, a son.
MARTZ—Camden, April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Al. Martz, a daughter.
POWERS—Deer Isle, April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Powers, a son.
EATON—Deer Isle, April 6, to Mr. and Mrs. George Eaton, a son.

Marriages.
FRODOCK—WILLIAMS—Rockland, April 23, by Rev. W. M. Kimmell, John L. Frodock and Mary J. Williams, both of Rockland.
MORTON—LELAND—Rockland, April 22, George W. Morton and Alice C. Leland, both of Rockland.
YOUNG—WATSON—Portland, April 16, Capt. Nathan H. Young of Vinalhaven and Amelia J. Watkins of Portland.

Deaths.
SPRAGUE—Appleton, April 21, Helen M., wife of B. F. Sprague, aged 59 years.
WHITNEY—Appleton, April 19, Daisy Whitney.
BLACKINGTON—East Union, April 16, Danforth Blackington, aged 51 years.
ROSS—South Camden, April 11, Jacob Ross, aged 78 years, 6 months.

GIRL WANTED.
To do housework. Apply to
MRS. F. R. SPAR, 48 Masonic St.

MAN WANTED.
Good reliable man wanted. Must thoroughly understand farming. Easy place to work. Address or call upon
J. H. Union, Me.

FOR SALE.
Barber Chair and Sewing Machine. Chair is modern and in good order. Show case 5 feet long.
Apply to J. F. COOPER.

PICKED UP ADRIFF.
At South Camden, Tuesday afternoon, a white lap-streak, center-board slop boat with green stripe, about 22 feet long. Inquire of
K. W. STUDLEY or E. W. HALL.
P. O. Address, Box 1026, Rockland, Me.
10-115

STREET SPRINKLING.
Sealed proposals are invited and will be received until 12 M. Wednesday, the 30th inst., for sprinkling Main St. and all street ends leading therefrom, for the season of 1890, sprinkling to begin on acceptance of bid, to continue for such length of time as may be thought necessary, and to extend from A. Chorn St. on the north to the Gen. Berry engine house on the south, all to be done under the direction and to the satisfaction of the Street Commission. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids, which should be mailed or given in person to any member of the committee.
E. F. HOGG, Joint Standing
J. B. SHAW, Committee
on Streets.
10-161

SETTING EGGS FOR SALE.

Having purchased the flock of Brown Leghorns of C. E. Rising "Walt & Sonney" strain, I am prepared to sell a few settings of eggs of this celebrated stock.
R. H. BURNHAM.
10-116

1890.
SPRING OPENING!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
APRIL 25 AND 26,
To which all are cordially invited.

MRS. J. HANRAHAN,
340 Main Street.

**STATEMENT OF
Rockland Savings Bank
Rockland, April 9, 1890.**

FRANCIS COBB, President.	EDWARD D. SPAR, Treasurer.
LIABILITIES.	
Deposits,	\$652,185 32
Reserve fund,	5,000 00
Profits,	10,928 25
	\$668,113 57
RESOURCES.	
City and county bonds of Maine,	\$21,159 00
City and county bonds of other States,	25,000 00
Railroad bonds,	209,457 36
Water Company bonds of Maine,	64,950 00
Other corporation bonds,	21,365 00
Corp. "A" stock,	1,200 00
Railroad stock,	1,470 00
Bank stock,	69,996 00
Loans on mortgages of real estate,	82,740 64
Other loans,	14,431 93
Real estate, investments,	13,585 93
Real estate, foreclosed,	324 98
Premium accounts,	27,836 29
Expense accounts,	802 49
Cash on deposit,	14,494 74
Cash on hand,	2,579 38
	\$687,111 55

GEORGE D. BISBEE,
Bank Examiner.

HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Joseph Abbott fired a kiln Thursday, which had been idle for several weeks.

The two New York steamers, the Valencia and Lucy P. Miller, arrived Thursday morning.

Work on the cellar for James Campbell's new house on Summer Street was begun Thursday.

Select your trees. The governor has issued his proclamation appointing Friday, May 9, as Arbor day.

Mrs. F. H. Liscomb of Bar Harbor has our thanks for the generous bunch of mayflowers which grace our desk.

Proposals are invited for sprinkling the streets. Bids must be in by 12 o'clock, Wednesday, the 30th inst.

J. F. Cooper has bought the hair dressing rooms of the late E. L. Harmon and will continue the business at the old stand.

The first strawberries of the season were in H. S. Flint's market Tuesday and retailed for 60 cents per quart. Strawberries were never in our markets so early before.

The postoffice fiscal year begins July first, and they expect to celebrate its opening by putting in a full set of the Corbin cabinet lock boxes with plate glass doors.

C. M. Walker, esq., real estate broker, has sold Orris Clark's place on Sea street to Luigi Carini. Mr. Clark, through Mr. Walker, has purchased the house of Ivory S. White on Simmons street.

A reward of \$250 has been offered by a committee of the Baptist Church for the recovery of the body of Charles S. Roberts who was drowned Tuesday evening. H. H. Crie is chairman of the committee.

C. C. Ulmer of this city has shown us a novel and prettily arranged cross made of wood executed in imitation of pond lilies. Mr. Ulmer has gained considerable local reputation for this kind of work.

A flurry of excitement was occasioned Thursday morning in front of THE COURIER-GAZETTE office, by the overturning of a wagon. The horse was secured and the vehicle righted before any damage was done.

Fixing Up.—J. Fred Merrill is making several repairs on his house, Main street.—Charles Price is painting his house.—Judge O. G. Hall is beautifying his residence and grounds on Middle Street.

The grapery building has been torn down, the front fence removed and other matters are being looked after.—A. D. Bird is making extensive repairs and alterations on his house, Camden street.

The general alarm from box 43 at 7:24 Thursday evening was given to test the agility of the department. The alarm was struck at 7:24, and at 7:31 the two hose companies that respond to that box, the H. & L. truck and steamer were on the corner of Middle and Lincoln streets, the hose companies losing some two or three minutes in mistaking a brush fire in the vicinity of Gay street for the conflagration. The boys haven't been out for duty since Feb. 20th, and made pretty quick time considering that not one of the firemen knew that the alarm was to be struck.

Last Wednesday evening about 9 o'clock, a horse belonging to and driven by Fred E. Bramhall was seized with a fit on Pleasant street. The animal starting on a run, Mr. Bramhall leaped from his carriage to insure his personal safety and to be in a better position to control the horse as he did not release his hold of the reins. The horse turned up Main street and when opposite E. B. Hastings' dry goods store left the street and fell against one of the heavy plate glass windows, thrusting his head and shoulders entirely through it. The horse received several deep cuts about the neck and head, causing the blood to spurt in every direction. None of the goods in the store were damaged excepting those placed near the window. About half an hour after the accident occurred, the animal was killed by being shot. The carriage was entirely demolished.

The only steamer running regularly on the coast between a foreign port and New York, and sailing under the American flag, arrived here early Thursday morning. The steamer is the Valencia in command of Captain Miller, and will be run by the New York Steamship Company. The steamer was built by Cramp of Philadelphia, in 1882, and since that time has been running between New York and South America. Recently the Valencia is 270 feet in length, with 13 feet draught. She can accommodate 100 first cabin passengers and 50 second class. On account of the early hour of the Valencia's arrival, but very few of our people were at the wharf to greet her on her first trip. The steamer remained here about two hours, and during this time was inspected by the visitors.

Capt. Mills, in connection with the "Greyhound," has added the packet "Little Fred" to the Rockland and North Haven line, and will commence making daily trips May 1st.

The ladies of the Relief Corps gave a free supper and entertainment to the children at the Post rooms last evening. Some 135 were present and they all had a great time. They got outside of the fine supper in short order and then gave themselves up to fun, fast and furious.

Nothing new has been developed in regard to the drowning of Dr. Chas. S. Roberts, Monday evening. Searching parties have been constantly at work and every effort put forth, but they labor under the disadvantage of not knowing with any degree of certainty where the accident occurred. The manner in which it occurred is still a matter of conjecture and will perhaps never be known.

For 33 years the familiar face of Mr. O. S. Andrews has been seen in and about his place of business. As advancing years came on he has thought best to respect them and has sold the entire plant to Messrs. Edwin P. Sullivan and W. H. Wakefield, who will put in a large stock of new goods and continue the business under the style of the Rockland News Company. Mr. Sullivan is familiar with the line of trade he has engaged in, having been connected with a leading Bangor firm in the business for two years, after having been with Fuller & Cobb for 5 years. All of his Rockland friends will have a good word for him. He leaves the employ of the Atkinson H. F. Co. to enter this partnership. Mr. Wakefield is a Bangor gentleman, young and enterprising, and we welcome him to our city.

MATTERS PERSONAL.
Eph. Perry went to Boston, Monday—Supervisor Turner returned from Somerville, Wednesday, to which place he was called last week by reason of sickness of his father.—K. C. Perry, keeper of Indian

Island light, has been in the city visiting his son, K. C. Perry, Jr.—Miss May Emery of Salsbury's Cove has returned home—Miss Ada B. Berry has returned after an extended visit in Manchester, N. H.—Mrs. Thomas Keefe and Miss Kate Hanrahan returned Saturday from a visit to St. John, N. B.—Edwin Mullen returned to Boston Friday morning—Charles S. Hall and family have moved to Boston, Mr. H. having accepted a good position on State street—Hon. W. T. Haines of Waterville has accepted the invitation to serve on the examining committee on the themes of the competitors for the Prentiss prize at the Maine State College—Edwin Sprague went to Appleton Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. B. F. Sprague—Chas. R. Frye, who has been confined to the house by sickness, has so far recovered as to be able to ride out—Mr. Joseph Emery has taken charge at the West Sullivan granite quarries for the present. Mr. W. B. Eaton the former manager it will be remembered died while at the Thorndike house a short time ago—Mrs. Mary Wyman of Belmont is visiting her niece, Mrs. L. S. Robinson—Miss Nellie Irish has gone to Vinalhaven, and will occupy the position of milliner for Mrs. Chas. Littlefield—The wedding of John R. Frodock and Miss Mary J. Williams occurred Wednesday forenoon at the residence of the bride's brother, Maynard Williams. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. M. Kimmell of the Church of Immanuel. For several years past Mr. Frodock has been connected with the Bodwell Granite Company at Vinalhaven, and is a popular and enterprising business man. Mrs. Frodock is one of our most estimable ladies and is a daughter of the late Col. Timothy Williams. Mr. Frodock and wife at once left for a two week's wedding trip and on their return will occupy the Mallett house on Park street recently purchased by him. The presents were numerous and handsome, among them being an antique oak card table, silver service, two silver cake baskets, a large silver pudding dish and sauce dish, elegantly carved teaspoons, knives of every description, a pair of gold and pearl opera glasses, a large display of royal Worcester ware, a china ice cream and salad set, two hand painted plaques, cut glass preserve dishes, silver and glass berry dishes, cracker jars, silver sardine dish, chocolate pitcher, oxidized silver nut dish, and a full set of diamonds, the gift of the groom—Miss Anna Roberts has returned from Philadelphia—Rev. P. A. Smith and wife of Cushing have been in the city since Wednesday at the house of Martin Sweetland. Mr. Smith leaves for Dover today to attend the annual meeting of the East Maine Conference. Mrs. Sweetland will accompany Mr. Smith and wife as far as Buxham, where she will visit her uncle, John M. Pease.

SUNDAY SERVICES.
The members of the First Baptist Church and congregation are cordially invited to unite in their worship tomorrow evening, April 30th. J. H. Sylvester is to be floor director.

Local talent, under the direction of Mr. A. H. Baker, will present the society play, "My Uncle's Will," and the farce, "A Box of Monkeys," at the Opera House, Monday and Tuesday, May 12 and 13.

The course of illustrated lectures on Spiritualism given by Prof. Starr at Farwell Hall this week are largely attended. The interest manifested in these lectures increases each evening.

An interesting and instructive exhibition of the Edison Phonograph will be given in Farwell Hall, Thursday, May 1, by the ladies of the Congregational Society. The exhibition will consist of reproductions by the phonograph of musical selections by soloists on the cornet, clarinet, piccolo, piano, etc.

The "Two Barneys," to be played at the Opera House next Friday evening is an assured success as an entertainment, and the theatre going public will not be disappointed if they give them a full house.

The entertainment last evening, by the Harrigan Troupe, was a pleasant occasion to a large audience. The delineations of the several characters represented were cleverly drawn, and there was just enough travesty of nationality to make matters pleasant for the cosmopolitan audience attracted. "The Two Barneys" did what was expected of them. They created much laughter; Agnes Hallock, as Nora, sparkled over with fun and song; her echo song will not be soon forgotten nor her graceful, charming manner. She was a true Irish girl, and her dancing winning an encore. John Williamson handled his puppets to the immense delight of the young as well as old—N. Y. World.

WARREN.
Many loads of lumber are being hauled from the mill.
The village school began Monday, Miss Fanny Boggs teacher.
Mrs. Laura Mathews has moved into one of A. Vinal's tenements.
Everett Mero moves to his mother's place to carry on the farm next week.
Alden Brimejohn has moved from the Weston house to the tenement of Edwin Smith.

Our assessors are on duty and we shall soon know what it cost to be a citizen of a town.
We are interested in the sale of the K. & L. R. R. though the town don't own any stock.
Mansfield Robinson rafted up the river and hauled to the mill eighty pine logs to be used in building lumber.

HURRICANE.
The paving cutters are on a strike.
Mrs. Julia Hanson is visiting friends at Palermo.
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Healey have gone to Boston.
G. E. Tilden has been away on business the past week.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mitchell visited at Rockland last week.
Mrs. William Cogan and daughter have returned from Boston.

WALDOBORO.
At the adjourned town meeting Monday, the town raised for grammar and district schools \$3650; support of poor, 1700; support of insane, \$200; salaries of officers, 1000; Fennelly fund, 60; miscellaneous, 500; highways, 400; bridges and sidewalks, 600; collector's fees, 400; abatements, 500; interest of R. R. bonds, \$6,872.69; pavement of 6 per cent. R. R. bonds, 700; school books, 500; taxes bid of southeast district to T. K. Achorn at .017; northeast, to M. T. Castner at .018; west, to Alphonso Ludwig at .011. It was voted to tax dogs; to require billiard saloons to procure licenses and to close at 10 o'clock p. m.; not to support free high school; to lease alewife fishery for ten years; to allow Charles and William F. Teague and Joseph Johnston to work out highway tax on private road; to set off J. W. Benner from school district No. 10 to No. 13; to issue a 4 per cent. order to duplicate one stolen from S. L. Miller; to accept private contributions to establish fund for repairing graveyards, etc. In voting on the question of the sale of the railroad, ex-Gov. Marble made a strong argument against its sale, in which he was ably seconded by M. M. Rawson, esq.

GEORGE'S RIVER.
Master Lewis Wilson is at work for Mr. Aaron Smalley at Smallberg.
Mr. Edwin Williams is at work for Messrs. Brown & Wade blacksmithing.
Most of the farmers have been busy planting their peas and potatoes the past week.

Mrs. Rachel Lincoln visited her daughter, Mrs. Chas. R. Oliver at Thomaston Saturday and Sunday—Mrs. Edie Kinney of Wiley's Corner visited relatives at this place Sunday—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kellogg called on relatives at Rockland last Saturday.

AMUSEMENTS.

The M. B. Society of South Camden give a May ball at the hall Wednesday evening, April 30th. J. H. Sylvester is to be floor director.

Local talent, under the direction of Mr. A. H. Baker, will present the society play, "My Uncle's Will," and the farce, "A Box of Monkeys," at the Opera House, Monday and Tuesday, May 12 and 13.

The course of illustrated lectures on Spiritualism given by Prof. Starr at Farwell Hall this week are largely attended. The interest manifested in these lectures increases each evening.

An interesting and instructive exhibition of the Edison Phonograph will be given in Farwell Hall, Thursday, May 1, by the ladies of the Congregational Society. The exhibition will consist of reproductions by the phonograph of musical selections by soloists on the cornet, clarinet, piccolo, piano, etc.

The "Two Barneys," to be played at the Opera House next Friday evening is an assured success as an entertainment, and the theatre going public will not be disappointed if they give them a full house.

The entertainment last evening, by the Harrigan Troupe, was a pleasant occasion to a large audience. The delineations of the several characters represented were cleverly drawn, and there was just enough travesty of nationality to make matters pleasant for the cosmopolitan audience attracted. "The Two Barneys" did what was expected of them. They created much laughter; Agnes Hallock, as Nora, sparkled over with fun and song; her echo song will not be soon forgotten nor her graceful, charming manner. She was a true Irish girl, and her dancing winning an encore. John Williamson handled his puppets to the immense delight of the young as well as old—N. Y. World.

WARREN.
Many loads of lumber are being hauled from the mill.
The village school began Monday, Miss Fanny Boggs teacher.
Mrs. Laura Mathews has moved into one of A. Vinal's tenements.
Everett Mero moves to his mother's place to carry on the farm next week.
Alden Brimejohn has moved from the Weston house to the tenement of Edwin Smith.

Our assessors are on duty and we shall soon know what it cost to be a citizen of a town.
We are interested in the sale of the K. & L. R. R. though the town don't own any stock.
Mansfield Robinson rafted up the river and hauled to the mill eighty pine logs to be used in building lumber.

HURRICANE.
The paving cutters are on a strike.
Mrs. Julia Hanson is visiting friends at Palermo.
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Healey have gone to Boston.
G. E. Tilden has been away on business the past week.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mitchell visited at Rockland last week.
Mrs. William Cogan and daughter have returned from Boston.

WALDOBORO.
At the adjourned town meeting Monday, the town raised for grammar and district schools \$3650; support of poor, 1700; support of insane, \$200; salaries of officers, 1000; Fennelly fund, 60; miscellaneous, 500; highways, 400; bridges and sidewalks, 600; collector's fees, 400; abatements, 500; interest of R. R. bonds, \$6,872.69; pavement of 6 per cent. R. R. bonds, 700; school books, 500; taxes bid of southeast district to T. K. Achorn at .017; northeast, to M. T. Castner at .018; west, to Alphonso Ludwig at .011. It was voted to tax dogs; to require billiard saloons to procure licenses and to close at 10 o'clock p. m.; not to support free high school; to lease alewife fishery for ten years; to allow Charles and William F. Teague and Joseph Johnston to work out highway tax on private road; to set off J. W. Benner from school district No. 10 to No. 13; to issue a 4 per cent. order to duplicate one stolen from S. L. Miller; to accept private contributions to establish fund for repairing graveyards, etc. In voting on the question of the sale of the railroad, ex-Gov. Marble made a strong argument against its sale, in which he was ably seconded by M. M. Rawson, esq.

GEORGE'S RIVER.
Master Lewis Wilson is at work for Mr. Aaron Smalley at Smallberg.
Mr. Edwin Williams is at work for Messrs. Brown & Wade blacksmithing.
Most of the farmers have been busy planting their peas and potatoes the past week.

Mrs. Rachel Lincoln visited her daughter, Mrs. Chas. R. Oliver at Thomaston Saturday and Sunday—Mrs. Edie Kinney of Wiley's Corner visited relatives at this place Sunday—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kellogg called on relatives at Rockland last Saturday.

MATINICUS.

How about that party?
"Where did you—" go so quick?
W. Scott Young, esq., left the 22d for Rockland.

Freeman Abbott is visiting relatives at Matinicus.

One of the "star gazers" has discovered a new star.

The fishermen are all preparing for the fishing grounds.

Capt. Eben Crie of So. Matinicus was in town last Tuesday.

Capt. Robt. Crie was in town last Friday en route for So. Matinicus, his home.

Capt. John Grant of Matinicus Rock is visiting his son, Isaac Grant, of White Head.

Sch. River Ganges, Capt. Otis Abbott, heads the fleet this season as the first fishermen out.

Anthony Berg and Will Creaser are in town, where they will engage in the fishing industry with Capt. Frank Ames, the coming season.

Sch. Henrietta H. Ames, Capt. Frank Ames, which arrived the 20th, will soon sail for the fishing ground.

Capt. Samuel Horton and brother, Wm. and Florentino Marcolle of Deer Isle were in town last week.

Mrs. Henry Philbrook left here the 22d for Rockland where she will visit her sister, Mrs. L. A. Jackson.

Sch. Clara A. Benner, Capt. Will Ames, arrived the 19th, and has been busy preparing for the fishing industry.

Miss Eliza Calderwood, Camden, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Edward Ames of this place, returned to her home last week.

Horatio Hall went to Appleton via Rockland last Tuesday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, whom we hear are in poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Simmons of Winterport, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Otis Abbott, left on packet Julia Fairbanks, Tuesday, 22d.

Mrs. Ida Tippley and son of Rockland, who have been visiting at Oliver Condon's, returned to their home, Tuesday, on packet Ida Grover, Capt. H. Smith.

Sch. Alena L. Young, Capt. Samuel Horton, which arrived the 16th and has been engaged in preparing for the fishing ground, cleared for Vinalhaven the 21st.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. N. J. Norton of this place, who has been with her sister, Mrs. Otis Clark, Rockland, for some time, returned to her home last Friday on packet Julia Fairbanks.

Packet Julia Fairbanks, Capt. H. Philbrook, has been under the brush of the painter for a few days; and packet Ida Grover, Capt. Smith, has been cleaned and painted recently, and are ready for spring business.

UNION.
Wesley Woltz lost a valuable horse a few days ago. Broken leg.

Geo. A. Hawes has recently purchased a registered, thoroughbred Holstein bull.

Remember the millinery opening by Mrs. Ethel Thurston at Sam'l Cummings' house, May 7th.

The High School pupils are agitating for a library. We hope they will be successful in securing a selection of standard authors.

If those young men from W. will please return the steel traps they "borrowed" of Bertie T. Norwood, on Sunday, April 13, on the Union side of the Medomak, the owner will be much obliged.

T. A. Davis has in his possession a carved book made from the historic apple tree under which Lee surrendered to Grant—April 9th, 1865. Mr. Davis secured the wood the day of the surrender.

ROCKLAND NEWS CO.

435 Main Street,
FORMERLY D. S. ANDREWS.

We beg to inform the public that we have purchased the stock and trade of Mr. O. S. Andrews, and shall continue business at the old stand. We have added to our stock a first class line of

WALL PAPERS
In the Latest Spring Styles.

We have also put in an Entire New Stock of

Stationery, School Supplies, Etc.

Mr. Andrews will remain with us to welcome his old customers.

ROCKLAND
E. P. Scott
The Lib.

NYE CALLS FOR A CLUB.

IN WHICH HE AND OTHER MILLIONAIRES MAY FIND COMFORT.

The Charming Scenery in the Neighborhood of Stockton—Joseph T. Goodman at Sandy Baldwin's Funeral—How Mr. Whisk's Perfidy Was Punished.

[Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nes.]

I have before me, at this moment, a letter and circulars from Mr. Charles Rich Johnson, making queer proposals to me regarding a forthcoming work of his. It is a biography of the Millionaire Men and Women, Dead and Living, of America. It will cost \$40,000 to issue the book, but as every millionaire will naturally want a few, and as they will cost \$50 per set, there can be no risk in printing it. Besides, the subscribers are all financially sound. The letter goes on to state that I am on the list and asks my cordial co-operation.

I will be willing to co-operate if it should be the sense of the other millionaires that this step is advisable. I have always said, and say now, that it is high time we millionaires should organize and stand by each other. This is the first step. Let us know who really belong to our set and then form a society with signs, passwords and signals which will protect our lodge against outsiders. A sign of distress would also be almost indispensable. I think there is nothing sadder than to see a millionaire suffering for the comforts of life when there are other millionaires who might help him if they knew about it.

Millionaires, as a rule, are kind and thoughtful toward each other, but they lack organization. Think what we could do if we would unite! We are really the bone and sinew of the country. We are the producers, as I may say. Farmers and such people are consumers. They eat up what we earn. Why do we get up early and work till late all through the frosty days, watering our stock and shearing our lambs? Is it not that the farmer may have bread for eating purposes and clothes to warm his body?



VIEW NEAR STOCKTON.

Then why allow all other trades and societies to organize while we look at each other askance? We need a lodge of millionaires in every town. It is for that reason I hail with ill disguised joy the advent of this book, and as soon as I can possibly raise the money will subscribe for it.

Fresno is one of the handsome cities of the Sacramento valley. One rides for many miles along the broad, level sweep of green, with never a break, save where the purple orchard scents the air, and then again miles of green, trimmed with millions of wild flowers, such as California alone can furnish by the township in unending yet blending colors.

On the way to Fresno one also discovers a product of the Golden State which he had not heard about before. It is the wind mill. All along down from Sacramento you discover this rank growth. About Stockton the wind mill grows to a great height, and even in the most barren soil. Some have a bright red blossom, whilst others are variegated, and still others are red, white and blue. A field of large, double wind mills in full bloom is a fine sight. I do not know what they are used for unless it be for purposes of irrigation. Now, however, after the intense rains of the winter, it seems almost a mockery for this great army of unemployed wind mills to stand around with the water up to its knees and its idle hands in its pockets.

Fresno is in the heart of a beautiful grape growing country, but these grapes are not used to promote the interests of the flowing bowl. The vine growers here are all engaged in the raisin' of raisins. Among the horny handed but wealthy toilers here I found Joseph T. Goodman. When the angels were engaged in naming that rare and radiant maiden whom the neighbors called Lenore, they christened Joseph T. Goodman with the name he has so honorably borne for over half a century.

Seeing the evils arising from the cultivation of the grape as a wine producer, yet fully alive to the great advantages to be derived from grape growing generally as a source of food supply, he gave his attention to the cultivation and propagation of the raisin. Selecting the large, fat, early dwarf, maroon pie raisin of commerce, and crossing it with the citron, he soon obtained a hybrid raisin, with seeds in it, which could be hardly distinguished from the royal octavo raisin of Spain. He now produces tons of this beautiful fruit each year at an enormous profit, and each night as he retires he can place his hand on his heart and say: "At least I have never aided in the great and growing but reprehensible industry of filling drunkards' graves."

Mr. Goodman has a history. He ran the Territorial Enterprise in those early days when such young strugglers as Daniel De Quille, the bright young Frenchman, and Samuel L. Clemens, the talented Missourian, worked for him. He was one of the features of those wonderful days on the Comstock which can never come again.

It was my good fortune to see a comrade of his. Not so much as we see our friends in society when in company, but still I saw him in his every day life.

his attendance at the obsequies of Sandy Baldwin. Baldwin and Goodman were fast friends, and when Sandy died Mr. Goodman was asked to act as chief pall bearer. He came down from the mines for that purpose, and had to borrow some clothes of John McCullough. They were very good clothes, but not long enough in the sleeves or the legs for Joseph T. Goodman. The Prince Albert coat was plenty long enough in the skirts, but revealed a sweep of forearm and flannel shirt sleeve which came very near giving a tinge of sadness to the funeral. His trousers also were of the hydrophobia variety, and in order to make friends with the tops of his boots they had sacrificed the valued friendship that had existed between themselves and the waistcoat, as it were.

In the midst of all this the master of ceremonies suddenly decided that Mr. Baldwin's pall bearers ought properly to consist of judges and political dignitaries of the state, rather than of his old and tried friends, who might be barren of titles. This was contrary to the Baldwin style, however, and highly offensive to his friends, especially Mr. Goodman, who had eaten and slept with Sandy for many moons, and had even taken him out shooting on Saturdays, when collectors were in the habit of breaking in on Baldwin's tranquility of spirit.

So Joseph T. Goodman arose from his seat down stairs when the master of ceremonies said that the procession was now ready to move, and he invaded the room where the casket stood, surrounded by its haughty, double rank of titled pall bearers. In all the grandeur of John McCullough's clothes, with his arms extended grandly beyond the sleeves of the great tragedian's coat, his legs wandering away below the meager longitude of trousers, and his glimmering head protruding nobly above his erstwhile hair, he came with gleaming eye among them, and, ranging himself fearlessly by the coffin of his friend, he wilted the weeping company with the grandeur of his own grief and indignation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am here to act as the pall bearer of Sandy Baldwin. I shall do it, and those of you who know me know that I will do it. He cared little for the empty titles which the errors of humanity bestow upon unworthy men. He knew his friends while living. He knows them still. I was his friend. I am nothing more than that now. If he were he would indorse that sentiment."

At that moment Mr. Goodman stooped and, taking hold of the casket, he gently jolted it to test its weight. After he had hefted it he said:

"Now gentlemen," and he looked like a Numidian lion whose tail had been shut into the door of the Coliseum by mistake, or a Royal Bengal tiger, whose own pride vate martyr had been ruthlessly jerked away from him by means of a string; "pride, pomp and circumstance can no longer reach Sandy Baldwin in that mysterious country to which he has gone. Empty titles and the false glimmer and glitter of hollow honors cannot gladden his dead heart now. Your honorable this and your judge that cannot bring the flash of pride to his pallid clay."

"But friendly hands shall be the last to touch his bier. No stranger shall bear my friend away to his grave, for, by me, I will carry him myself."

Then he reached down and put his strong arms about the casket of Sandy Baldwin to shoulder it. But better judgment moved the man who had charge of the services and the original programme was carried out.

Lawrence Barrett said it was at once the grandest and the most ludicrous sight he ever saw. There in the midst of mourning, on the most solemn and impressive of occasions, stood a brave and defiant man, in a Prince Albert coat that tried to be dignified but lacked the necessary scope, and with trousers which shuddered at the idea of touching the earth by a foot or so. With flashing eye and distended nostril he defied the entire programme, and threatening to bear away the body of his friend, like a true gladiator, he won his case, and Sandy Baldwin went to his grave surrounded by a little band of plain American citizens, followed by the titled but over-awed pall bearers, whose names were respectfully Messrs. Mud, Dennis and others.

It was beautiful.

Had I been Sandy Baldwin at that moment, I should have made a superhuman effort to make a few desultory remarks at the grave.

Fresno is also noted latterly for having among its citizens a gentleman named Whisk, who has done well for a number of years by attaching the baggage of various theatrical companies. I do not mention this because I have any personal grudge against Mr. Whisk, for I am not a theatrical company, neither did he at-



BOUND TO BE A PALL BEARER.

ach my baggage. On the contrary, he bought a box and treated me well, but others murmur, and, I believe, with just cause, inasmuch that the citizens of Fresno kick with a loud and sonorous kick, which extendeth even unto San Francisco and even as far as the sound which is to the north thereof.

Mr. Whisk married a rather a romantic way, I thought. A Fresno gentleman told me about it. He said that Mr. Whisk was doing well in his theatrical industry there, and finally formed an other attachment for a very wealthy widow. She feared, however, that I

loved her only as a brother, and also as one who hath his eye on the bank account wherewith she had been blest.

So she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolin," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little, cunning ear with the end of his mustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Alas elsewhere. If thou doubttest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's fair. Give it to the Central Pacific railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering."



"No," she unto him straightway did make answer; "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dress."

He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter. Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business.

I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great coarse thing. The widow wept for Mr. Whisk for a week or two and bought a revolver with which to kill him, but better judgment prevailed. She suddenly came to her senses, and realizing what a weak revenge it was, after all, merely to kill him, she packed up her parrot and went to live at his house.

Verily, she laughs best who laughs last.

I saw him, and, though he is wealthy, he looks haggard and there are lines of care around his mouth, that is, partially around his mouth. They are doing the best they can, and some day they may extend clear around his mouth, if they do well.

I will now say good-by for the present, with love to all.

Bill Nye

ODDS AND ENDS.

In Newburg is a factory which is working eight and four turning out ice machines. They claim their machines will make ice for \$1.50 a ton.

An English lady is about to open a barber shop in London in which all the attendants are to be of the weaker sex.

Stanley's new book is to be called "The Darkest Africa, and the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria." It will be issued simultaneously in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia and America.

There is a Home for Rest for Horses in London, regularly incorporated and with a board for its president. It is said to have been very successful in a small way, and now is trying to get \$25,000 endowment with which to buy and maintain a farm for the benefit of aged and decrepit horses.

The English inspector general of recruiting, in his annual report, just issued, tells that men on strike rarely enlist, and that the artificial demand for labor created by strikes does harm to recruiting.

A new road and Southwestern railway in Louisiana has had a successful experimental test, fifty persons traveling in two cars through the tunnel underneath the Thames at a speed of thirty miles an hour by electric power. The road is from fifty to seventy feet underground, and elevators will take passengers up and down at the stations.

There are today royal and imperial orders in the world, with a prodigious assortment of collars, crosses, stars and other fancy insignia, regularly in the tickling of human ambition. The oldest is St. Andrew's order, first instituted in England in 787, dissolved, first and re-established in 1540.

The Russian government is taking vigorous measures to keep the cholera out of its dominions. All travelers from Persia and Turkey have to submit to a seven days' quarantine, and no more passport is issued from Russia into those countries.

The government of Denmark has erected fifty telephone stations, chiefly on the west coast of Jutland, for the use of fishermen, who are thus able to communicate with the fish dealers at a distance and secure better prices. All the life boats in the country are also connected by telegraph and telephone.

The twenty-seventh annual exhibition of canaries and British and foreign cage birds has been held at the Crystal Palace. It was one of the largest, if not the largest, show of birds of this kind ever exhibited—the number of birds being 2,578, divided among 109 classes. The birds were shown in a tent in the center of the exhibition grounds, extending from the central tropical department.

For five millions of dollars of capital have been invested in the building of a large hotel during the last six years. The large mortgage banks on the security of the lands and houses. Between 1882 and 1887, when the building fever was at its height, rents increased enormously and are now much higher than in any other Italian city except Naples.

A Florida fisherman recently baited his set hooks with small green frogs. He left his hooks in the water all night long—having been told that this was the best of bait—expecting to return next morning and find fish by the dozen. He returned, and to his surprise all of his baited hooks were sitting out on the banks looking at him, and as he came close to them they would jump back into the water "kerchunk."

STOCK INTERESTS.

THE ANIMALS THAT IT PAYS THE FARMER BEST TO KEEP.

The Proclamation of Secretary of Agriculture in Reference to the Transportation of Southwestern Cattle—Efforts to Stamp Out Texas Cattle Fever.

The government regulations taking precautions against the infection of Texas cattle fever went into effect March 15 and continue until Dec. 1. The territory quarantined by Secretary Rusk is as follows:

All that country lying south and east of a line commencing on the Mississippi river at latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes, north, thence running westward on that parallel of latitude, being the southern boundary of Missouri, to the eastern boundary of Indian territory, thence running northward to the southern boundary of Kansas, thence westward along said boundary of Kansas to the 100th meridian of longitude, thence southward along said 100th meridian of longitude to the southern boundary of Chihuahua county, in Texas, thence westward along the southern boundary of the counties of Childress, Hall, Briscoe, Swisher, Castro and Picher to the eastern boundary of New Mexico.

No cattle are to be transported from the region within the above boundary except under special regulations laid down by the bureau of animal industry. These rules are for the guidance of railroad companies, and refer particularly to the cleansing and disinfecting of cars and the keeping of the southern beavers in transportation away from contact with other cattle. The regulations do not apply to animals taken into or through Colorado for feeding purposes under the laws of that state.

Secretary Rusk remarks that the losses among northern cattle from contact with infected southern animals, or from infected cars or manure, has become a matter of serious concern to the cattle industry of the United States.

The Jersey Cow.

The illustration is a picture of the famous old Jersey cow, Ida of St. Lambert's, the most noted cow ever in America. Ida made a butter record of thirty pounds two and a half ounces in seven days.



IDA OF ST. LAMBERT'S.

We have in America, in Colorado, a few German barons who have come to this country and engaged in the fine stock breeding business. His name is Baron W. B. von Richtofen. He is buying all the cattle of the Stoke Regis St. Lambert family that he can get his hands on. Hereafter he will make the breeding of this family a special study.

The success of the baron has been so good that he has already a number of cows that have yielded two and a half to three pounds of butter a day. One of these is the third best Jersey cow now living. Her name is M. S. Knickerbocker and she has a record of thirty-one pounds and three ounces of butter in seven days. Undoubtedly if you want butter the Jersey is your cow.

The Wicked Hawk.

T. D. A. Cockrell, Wet Mountain valley, writes in "Fowler's Farm": "I am surprised that at this day such a wicked condemnation of hawks should appear, together with an appeal for a bounty. Dr. Merriam, of the department of agriculture, has given statistics of the food of the principal kinds of hawks, and from these and the knowledge of the testimony of other witnesses, one can perceive that hawks in general kill far more mice and other noxious animals than is recommended for the few hawks or small birds they destroy. In my case I think a bounty would be a waste of public money. In the present case it would be useless and criminal waste. Of course there are some hawks that may be useful, fully killed—namely, Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk for chickens. But these are exceptions. The sparrow hawk is a pure benefactor and lives all its life on mice and insects. I have found its stomach crammed full of grasshoppers."

Muscle and Bone in Draft Horses. Mr. J. C. Caldwell, in The National Stockman, Pittsburg, says: "We may personally admire and prefer a clean pair of smooth geldings weighing 3,000 to 3,200 pounds, and worth in Pittsburg today from \$450 to \$600, but if we can produce a team weighing 3,400 to 3,600 pounds they can hardly be disposed of at \$700 to \$800, for the simple reason that the demand is for muscular weight and bone, regardless of extra fat and silky feather. If, then, we are raising draft horses for market, this demand is to be consulted, and the horses bred from merit indicate massive bone and muscular development. The Englishmen learned this years since, and have been handsomely paid for it, and the sooner we 'catch on' the better for our pocketbooks."

Breeding for Beef. Of course I discard the scrubby, or "pennyroyal" kinds, and deal only with high grades and pure bred of any of the noted breeds of our country that are now found on almost every farm.

For the breeding of cattle for profit, I would select dams of high grade, good, heavy bone, large, well developed bodies on short legs, and of a kind and gentle disposition. Such dams I would mate with a pure bred sire, having a good pedigree, combined with individual merit—a broad, straight back, large bone, compact body, set on straight, short legs. Now, with such dams and sire, we are ready for business, and a profitable business, too, notwithstanding the low prices like the present for beef cattle.—George Wendell.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Congressman Bayne, of Pennsylvania, is said to be the best horseback rider in Washington.

Ernest Renan, the French philosopher, indulges in a hobby of not riding in vehicles of any kind, preferring to walk, although his health is feeble, and a stout cane is necessary to support him.

The new Duke of Aosta is a tall, handsome young man with a fortune of \$6,000,000. In the event of the death of the crown prince, who is in poor health, the duke would become the heir to the Italian throne.

Francisco Sanchez is probably the most famous matador in the world. His invariable price for a bull fight is \$10,000, which goes to show that a star bull fighter can command more pay than a prima donna.

Whenever William E. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for fifteen years. It is an interesting fact not generally known that he wrote his election address announcing the dissolution of parliament in 1874 in bed.

The success of Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer whose discoveries are recorded from time to time, is largely attributable to the keenness of his vision, which is so keen that he can see spots on a planet when other astronomers see only a blank surface.

Tamango, the great tenor, was a baggage porter before his remarkable powers of voice were revealed. He does not favor his former craft, however, when he is on his travels. If a porter demands what he regards as too much for carrying his trunk he calmly shoulders it himself with all his old time skill.

John McKeogh, the ex-soldier who was accustomed to stand guard over the Burnside monument in Providence, R. I., with a drawn sabre, saying every now and then: "I followed you at Newburne and I will not desert you now," was killed by a railroad train recently. He was perfectly sane with the exception of this eccentricity.

Mr. Latourne has been appointed minister plenipotentiary of the Haytian republic to the court of St. James. He is a full blooded negro, who has long been known in connection with the political affairs of his native land. This is the first time that Great Britain has counted a man of color among its resident diplomatic corps accredited to her court.

WOMAN'S WEAR.

Many new troupes are edged with wetting cord. Buttons are slowly but surely returning to favor.

There seems to be a developing fancy for rolling linen collars edged with lace.

Suede gloves in old rose shades are worn at the theatre and upon other dressy occasions.

Some of the handsomest woolen gowns have square yokes of velvet and velvet mutton leg sleeves.

Iron grenadines are revived this spring, and may be had plain or with alternating stripes of satin.

Gray and black striped gloria will be a favorite material for summer traveling gowns and cloaks.

Riding boots in tan suede or patent leather are exceptionally well cut and extremely comfortable.

The dust pointed lace, a revived feature of the Stuart days, still continues the fashionable garniture.

Lavens of white ground with wide black stripes, edged with open lace patterns, are made for mourning wear.

The silver girlies introduced by Bernhardt in "Theodora" are now utilized to loop the lace front of the tea gown.

Mixtures of black and gold in nets and laces are likely to be popular the coming summer; also silver or gold embroidery, with white net. Red net is also wrought with gold.

Demi-season toilets are in beige and other velvet, and walking dresses are in woolen material, trimmed with black braid; the cloth jacket worn with the dress fits the figure, and the basques have buttons.

Hats are in Chantilly lace and jet, with lace bow, bunch of roses in front and gartan of many colors; also in black lace, lined with rose faille, with bow of rose velvet ribbon under the hair. Town hats are in black velvet, having wide border and black feathers.

THE LATEST IN SILVERWEAR.

A decided novelty is a spoon representing the upper shell of an oyster.

Somewhat odd is a bomboniere formed by the parts of a silver coconut shell.

Irregular dents in the sides of a satin finished shaving mug give it an odd effect.

A unique stamp box charm has the facsimile of a postal card etched on the front.

Two dogs' heads tugging at a garnet setting is conspicuous among silver ring novelties.

A pretty conceit for a lady is a hemispherical silver purse representing the half of an orange. The top is covered with blue silk.

The claw of a chicken, apparently thrust through a circular piece of paper and holding a polished socket, forms a candlestick, which attracts much attention.

A magnificent silver tea service has sets of four fluted bars running diagonally through heavy bunches of wild roses, worked in repousse on the body of the articles. Plain, polished bands surmount the flowers.

One of the handsomest silver triplicate mirrors of recent make is ornamented at the sides with gilt figures and the tropical forms. At the top is the head of the god Pan, on each side of which cupids are offering the pipes which this god is represented as playing. On the front cover of the mirror a young girl's head is etched with black silken hair extending to the base of the ornament.—Jeweler's Weekly.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

Rider Haggard, the famous novelist, has been offered \$1,000 a week for a forty weeks' lecture tour in the United States.

The oldest journalist in America is believed to be Oran Follett, of Sandusky, O., who is hale and vigorous at the age of 92.

Emile Zola has cleared \$100,000 from "Nana," first issued in a newspaper in 1879. It has been translated in every European language.

Ivan Panin, the Russian lecturer, regards the three kings of literature as Tolstoi, Carlyle and Emerson, ranking them in the order named.

Eugene Field derives the inspiration for much of his delicious humor from a fantastically carved French briar pipe that formerly belonged to Thackeray, the novelist, and which afterward passed into the hands of Mark Lemon, of Punch, who presented it to the Chicago wit.

Charles Dickens, the younger, wears spectacles, is getting bald and works as hard as any other literary laborer in London. He has a considerable mustache, and in addition to editing All the Year Round, which was established by his father, contributes largely to other periodicals and makes it pay.

Timothy, Clover, Red Top, Harden & Flower.

SEEDS!

Bradley's Super Phosphate.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Flour and Groceries

AT LOW PRICES.

O. B. FALES.

Rockland, March, 1890.

DO YOU WANT GOOD

KEROSENE

Fred R. Spear

OIL?

ARTHUR SHEA, Practical Plumber.

Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Water Fixtures, Set up in the best manner.

Perfection in Drainage & Ventilation.

184 MAIN ST., opposite the Lindsey House, Or address us by Mail.

ROCKLAND, MAINE.

A. J. ERSKINE

Fire, Life and Accident

INSURANCE AGENCY,

238 Main Street, Rockland, Me.

(Room formerly occupied by Cobb Lins Co.)

Losses adjusted and paid at this office. Agent for the well-known Travelers' Accident Insurance Company of Hartford.

O. G. MOFFITT,

Fire and Life Insurance.

Losses adjusted at this office.

Union Block, 278 Rockland, Me.

Cochran, Baker & Cross,

Fire, Marine, Life and Accident

INSURANCE AGENCY.

CAPITAL REPRESENTED OVER

NINETY MILLION DOLLARS.

Losses Adjusted and Paid at this Office.

408 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND

EDWIN SPRAGUE,

Insurance Agency,

FREE PRESS BUILDING,

Limerick Street, Rockland, Me.

Risks safely placed at the regular rates of the New England Insurance Exchange.

F. W. SMITH,

400 Main Street, Rockland, Me.,

—Agent for the popular—

Northwestern Life Ins. Co.

ALSO ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

A. M. AUSTIN,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

CLARE'S REVENGE

(CONTINUED.)

II.
An influx of visitors had prevented the proposed pony drive; and Clare Raymond, impatient of disappointment, and with a mind inflamed by resentment, had slipped on her walking things and quitted the house.

Never for one moment had she imagined that any discovery was awaiting her in Lockley woods.

But fate plays strange tricks. She chose that way as if impelled to do so against her will, for it was not a favorite walk of hers.

And she had found—what?

The time passed drearily for May.

At dinner Mrs. Raymond had a headache, and Clare was pale, silent and altogether "mysterious and stupid," as May told her laughingly.

After dinner Mrs. Raymond went to sleep in a capacious chair in the drawing room, Clare subsided into the pages of a novel, and May, pretending to do so likewise, lay on a couch idling with her book and looking up every five minutes at the hands of the clock which ticked so softly, so aggravatingly slowly, as she thought, on the mantelpiece.

Guy had promised to spend two hours with them that night; his usual time was half past 8 when he did not come to dinner, which at the lodge was served punctually at 7.

It was now half past 9.

"What can be keeping Guy?" cried May at last, flinging aside her book petulantly: "he was never late before."

Clare glanced over at the speaker with a look which May could not fathom: it was a strange look, half pity, half triumph.

"Odd and unaccountable things happen sometimes," she said. "You see, Guy said he was going to Barchester on business, and it may have proved more tedious than he imagined. No doubt we shall have news of him soon."

There was a mocking ring in her voice, and a mocking light in her eyes as she spoke, which was intensely irritating to May.

"What is the matter, Clare?" cried the young girl. "You speak so oddly and look so oddly, one would imagine that you were the depositary of some weighty secret in regard to Guy, though I should scarcely think he would choose you for such a purpose."

She spoke with an irritability quite foreign to her nature, but she felt annoyed by Clare's manner and looks.

"Well, it would certainly not be likely while her majesty the bride-elect was in the land of the living," laughed Clare: "but, really, you must learn to be reasonable. Guy may just about be getting to your apron strings, but mark me, he is the last man in the world to put the theory into practice."

May was about to make a somewhat angry reply, when a loud ring sounded at the hall door, followed by an impatient knock.

"That is not Guy's ring or knock," cried May, springing up with a somewhat pale face.

"No; but it may be a message from him or about him," said Clare, with a significant look that was lost upon May, for she had quickly crossed the room, and, opening the door, stood listening.

At any other time she would have laughed at the idea of listening because an unusually loud knock had echoed through the house.

But she seemed to be infected by the same kind of presentiment which had seized upon Guy L'Estrange.

At the first sound she had felt a fluttering of the heart and a wild sensation of the mind, such as she had never experienced before.

Foolish, as she told herself she was to be so afraid, she yet listened intently. She heard a strong, grave voice, which she recognized at once as that of Mr. Paul Armstrong, the family solicitor.

Then the servant came hurrying across the wide, dimly lighted hall.

"Miss Fielding," she said, "Mr. Armstrong wishes to have a few words with you and Mrs. Raymond if you can spare the time."

"Ask Mr. Armstrong to come in at once," said May, in a calm voice, though her bosom was panting with the wild beatings of her heart; and hurrying across to her guardian she awakened her from her sleep.

Mrs. Raymond was by no means heavy headed, and she very quickly realized that a visitor had arrived and was desirous of speaking with her.

By the time that Paul Armstrong entered the room, tall, white haired, florid and kind of manner, she was fully awake and received him gracefully.

The lawyer sat down near her. He was usually quiet in his case, as a man of the world ought to be, but on this occasion he was just the reverse.

He took out his capacious handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and then, though eager to tell his news, subsided into the merest commonplace.

"Quite unpleasantly hot walking," he said, with a sorry apology for a smile.

"Yes, it must be," said Clare, helping him on, "especially if you are bearer of any news which has caused you to hurry."

"Well, that is just it, you see," said Paul Armstrong, struggling back into his professional courage. "I am the bearer of news, and very bad news, and I wish any one else save myself had had the task of bringing it here. However, Guy—Mr. L'Estrange—desired it should be so, and his word is law to me."

May looked at him with eyes full of terror.

"Guy asked you to come?" she said. "O, pray, Mr. Armstrong, do explain! Suspense is far worse than the truth, believe me! Tell me, has any accident befallen him?"

He took her hand and gazed at her wistful face kindly.

"You must be brave, Miss Fielding," he said, "for my news is very bad. Mr. L'Estrange is alive and well, but he is in sore trouble; he has been arrested—now calm yourself, Miss Fielding, for all is

bound to come right—on a charge of attempted murder!"

May uttered a gasping cry.

Could this be true, or was it some hideous dream? Guy—her Guy, her betrothed husband—arrested on so foul a charge! It seemed impossible.

At first the world seemed swimming round with her; then, catching sight of a look on Clare's face which she had never seen before—a look of malignant triumph—she roused herself.

"Tell me all, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "I will not interrupt you again."

Briefly then he narrated what had happened in the woods; the claim which the strange woman had made upon him; his hurried departure home and the subsequent finding of the woman in the wood, severely wounded.

"But is that all?" asked May, clasping and unclasping her hands, and looking at them with wild, staring eyes. "Did he send me no message?"

"Ay, that he did, my dear," said Paul Armstrong, placing his hand on her shoulder and bending over her tenderly. "He bade you be of good cheer, for all would be well; that you were to believe him innocent of everything; that he had never seen the woman before in all his life, and that no blow from him had struck her down. 'As long as May thinks me innocent,' he said, 'I can bear up through all.'"

"I think I will go to my room," stammered May, attempting to rise.

But the effort was too much for her; as she rose the room seemed to turn round with her, and she fell insensible into the lawyer's arms.

With the aid of Clare and a servant, Mrs. Raymond contrived, after a few moments, to bear the fainting girl to her own chamber, from which Clare quickly returned.

"This story has proved a terrible shock to her, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "though it is as well she heard it as she did from your lips. She must have learned the facts to-morrow, and, perhaps, not in so delicate a way."

Two shrewd lawyer, accustomed to read character, had not passed unnoticed the strange looks which had crossed Clare's face as he was telling his sad narrative.

"What is your opinion of it all, Miss Raymond?" he asked abruptly.

She answered by another question.

"Are you our family solicitor as well as Mr. L'Estrange's, the one upon whom he depends to prove his innocence?"

"Certainly!" cried Paul Armstrong decisively. "I am his legal adviser, as I was his father's before him, and shall move heaven and earth to prove him innocent of this foul charge."

She gazed at him with a strange and inscrutable look.

"In that case, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "I would advise you to leave me and my opinions out of the matter altogether. Good night."

And with a low bow, which seemed to have a spice of mockery in it, she swept from the room.

The lawyer mused a moment ere he thought of taking his departure.

"That girl knows more than she cares to confess," he muttered. "Well, well, it's no use going in for cross-examinations to-night. We will wait and see how the affair goes off before the magistrates to-morrow. Dear me! I wish some one would come down. I can't go back to that poor fellow without any message at all."

After a little longer waiting he was relieved by the appearance of Mrs. Raymond.

"How is Miss Fielding?" he inquired. "Better, I hope—well enough to send a message? I really don't like the idea of facing Guy unless I can carry him a word of comfort."

Mrs. Raymond smiled through her tears.



And she fell insensible into the lawyer's arms.

"Tell him," she said, "that May sends assurances of her complete love and trust. She will be in court to-morrow, if possible, and all the countryside shall know that her faith in him is unbounded."

"That is famous," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "You share her sentiments and mine, of course?"

"In every way. I feel sure that Guy L'Estrange is innocent," replied Mrs. Raymond.

"And Miss Raymond?"

The lady of the lodge averted her head.

"My daughter is too upset even to talk over the matter," she said. "She has retired to her room."

"Ah!" was the lawyer's short but meaning rejoinder. "Good night, Mrs. Raymond. If I hear any good news, I will be over."

Guy had told his aunt the adventure at dinner time, and they were wondering what its meaning could be, when a servant entered with the news that a woman had been found nearly murdered in the woods.

The chief constable, accompanied by two of his men, had brought the news, and desired to see Mr. L'Estrange.

Guy at once hastened to meet him in the hall.

He found them awaiting him with very grave faces.

"This is a sad business Mr. Merton,"

he said. "Surely it cannot be that handsome girl I met in the woods to-day?"

"Hush!" cried the chief constable, raising his hand. "My duty is hard enough; don't make it worse by incriminating yourself."

Guy drew back with a haughty gesture.

"Incriminate myself! Sir, I do not understand you."

"I am sorry to say, Mr. L'Estrange," said the constable, still gently, for he respected the master of the park, and had had reason to know his kindness, "that I have a warrant here for your arrest for the attempted murder of Ruth Talbot, your wife. The lady states that you married her some two years ago under that assumed name; that some time since you left her in London, saying you would be back soon; that through accident she discovered that you had come hither; that you met her in the woods, and she implored you to return to her. You broke from her; and then, when she rushed after you, you struck her down with one blow of your stick; then, finding she still lived, you struck her again and again. She states that it can all be easily proved; for a lady, hearing her cry, came upon the scene, saw the last blow, and when she recognized you, you fled."

Constable Merton was able to make this long speech without interruption, for Guy had staggered back, and leaned, breathless and agast, against the black mantelpiece of the hall.

Was he mad? Certainly that seemed the easiest explanation of it all.

The world appeared suddenly changed. "Mr. Merton," he said, after a moment, "this false and cruel charge can and must be disproved. Let not my aunt know the real cause of my leaving home. I will tell her that it is a magisterial business."

He rang the bell, and a man servant appeared with suspicious alacrity. "Porter," said Guy, "bring some wine, and tell Mrs. Geoffrey that I am called over to Deepford on business connected with the murder in the wood."

His aunt, Mrs. Geoffrey, came out herself with the wine.

"Ah! Good evening, Mr. Merton," she said; "this is a very sad affair! Must Mr. L'Estrange really go to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is very important," said the constable, while readily accepting the wine offered; Guy himself drank off two glasses in feverish haste. "You see—"

"Oh, it's all right; you needn't explain," cried the master of the park. "Good night, aunt; don't sit up for me. I may be very late."

When he reached the place where the wounded woman lay, she just had time to repeat her story, to recognize and identify Guy as her husband and her assailant, and then she fainted. Since then she had not recovered consciousness.

III.

On the next day, as others had expected, May Fielding was too prostrated by grief to leave the house.

One of the servants was dispatched to be present at the magisterial examination; but long before he returned Mr. Armstrong rode over on horseback.

He was received in the drawing room by Mrs. Raymond and Clare, who seemed to have quite recovered her usual placidity and calm, though she exhibited signs of interest as the lawyer entered hurriedly.

He glanced anxiously round the room as he entered.

"Where is Miss Fielding?" he asked. "I trust she is not ill."

"She is quite prostrated with grief, I am sorry to say," replied Mrs. Raymond anxiously; "but what news do you bring us, good or bad?"

"Well, it is very much as I anticipated, except in one particular," said Paul Armstrong. "There was a mere formal examination, for the injured woman quite lost her senses before morning, though she declared she could recognize him at once as her husband by some marks upon his arm. She was too far gone to say exactly what she meant, but one of the attendants caught the word 'dagger,' and there is certainly on his arm the mark of an anchor and a dagger very plainly tattooed."

"That may be only a coincidence," said Mrs. Raymond. "But what does he say?"

"By my advice he said nothing," said the lawyer. "We simply plead 'not guilty,' declare the charge to be preposterous, and await the moment when this woman shall make the full declaration against us."

And from sheer force of habit the lawyer lapsed into the dry business tone he adopted in speaking to his general list of clients, or when instructing counsel.

"I have no hopeful message, then, for May?" said his hostess, who was anxious chiefly on her account, and did not seem to dare to face the wistful, yearning eyes without some word of comfort.

"Well, yes," said Paul Armstrong, with a smile. "You can tell her that Guy is in excellent spirits; that he treats the affair with scorn, and is quite prepared to face it in every way. 'Tell May,' he said, 'I left him, 'that she must bear up. It is only a postponement of our happiness.'"

He glanced at Clare as he spoke, and what he saw there threw a new light on the subject; he saw the vengeful gleam of her eyes, the sudden rush of color to her cheeks, to be succeeded by a deadly pallor.

"Oh, the wind sets in that quarter, does it?" he said to himself. "I begin to see daylight now. She knows something, and is going to use her knowledge as a trump card."

"Well," he said aloud, as he rose to go, "be sure and give my message to Miss Fielding, and tell her on my behalf that she has every reason to be cheerful. I look upon the whole thing as a trumped up affair—a bubble that must soon burst when put to the test."

"It is best not to be over confident," said Clare, with a glance of meaning in her dark eyes.

"No, we lawyers are never that," said Paul Armstrong. "Fear not, Miss Raymond, Guy L'Estrange shall not suffer through that. I shall search out every

atom of evidence, for and against. If you have any to give, pray let me know it at once."

"I do not understand you," she said, rising. "I fancy I hear May's bell. Good day, Mr. Armstrong," and she quitted the room.

As she did so the lawyer plucked up courage.

"Mrs. Raymond," he said, "your daughter's manner puzzles me. Do you think she knows anything, and is keeping it back from feelings of delicacy or—otherwise?"

The last word was stammered out instead of the condemnatory expression which rose to his lips.

Mrs. Raymond looked simply astonished.

"Really, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "you must be dreaming. Clare is very much upset, of course, at the turn events have taken, but she knows nothing more than she has heard from you. She has had no opportunity."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, "I thought she might. But you see we men of the law catch at a straw in a case of this kind. I don't quite see my way clear yet, of course; but it must come right in the end. Tell Miss May that."

He shook hands with Mrs. Raymond and left her with his usual placid smile, and with more than his accustomed gaiety of manner.

He studied the tortuous lines of human character all his life, and he felt sure that Clare Raymond held some secret.

If she was working, or was about to work, against Guy L'Estrange, what was her motive for such action?

That was the question which Mr. Armstrong put to himself, and there could be but one answer.

Jenalous!

He determined, at any rate, to sound Guy on the subject.

Guy was taking the whole matter very well, considering all things.

But he could not help being alive to the fact that his was a position of great danger.

The evidence at present was dead against him in every way.

The very fact of the marks upon his arm having been spoken of by the woman without her having had a chance of seeing them, was strong proof of the truth of her story—proof which he seemed unable to get over, even in his own mind.

Of course the whole affair was a puzzle.

At least, it was thus he spoke and argued with his lawyer; and though Paul Armstrong, listening and looking into the open, honest face, could not avoid believing him innocent, still he was compelled to acknowledge that part of the whole position.

On leaving Raymond Lodge he proceeded at once to the prison, where he found Guy, pale and distressed, but outwardly calm.

"Well, how are they all?" he asked.

"Pretty much as might be expected," said Mr. Armstrong. "Of course, Miss Fielding feels your position acutely; but it is Clare Raymond whom I cannot understand. Her manner is so strange; she seems to be keeping something back. Have you—excuse my asking the question—have you ever given her reason to suppose that—that she might have occupied the position now held by Miss Fielding?"

Guy glanced up at him in great surprise.

For a moment the question seemed to be utterly absurd.

He glanced up at him in great surprise.

But in a moment there flashed across his mind a hundred things which, at the time he had never observed—looks, words, remarks, the bitterness of which he had not been able to understand when uttered.

"Well," he said, "it may be so. But this I can truthfully swear: never, by word or deed, did I ever give Clare Raymond reason to think that I desired her for a wife. May has always been my choice, even from childhood."

"I fear, then, she has misunderstood you," said Mr. Armstrong; "for her manner is very strange and suggestive of some hidden secret. Let us hope it is all my fancy. And now to business."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Winter Existence of Alligators.

One day in February Mr. Sim Bowles, who lives in Mitchell county, was walking along his millpond, which is situated at the forks of two creeks. In his peregrinations he came across a cave. Leading from it through the earth was an apparently large burrow. He obtained a pole and began investigating. The cave and burrow extended some twenty feet. He dug into it, and between five and six feet beneath the surface he came to seven alligators. They were large, old rusty fellows, ranging from four to ten feet in length.

They were sound asleep, enjoying their winter nap in accordance with the queer habit of these hibernating saurians. They were promptly dispatched. There is an old belief that when the alligators find the winter approaching they gobble down a number of pine knots to fill up their aching voids and then take their lengthy siesta. Mr. Bowles thought this would be a good opportunity to test this belief, and accordingly one of the reptiles was cut open.

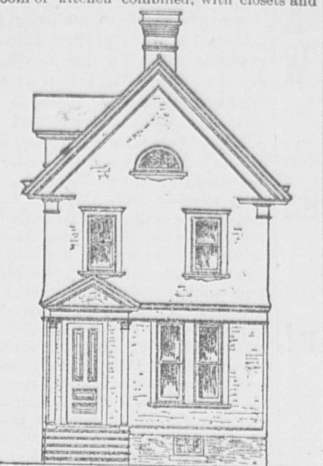
Within it were several fat light wood knots, and now Mr. Bowles is ready to testify to the truth of this theory as to the capacity of the alligator for digesting the knots of pine while slumbering through the winter months.—Atlanta Constitution.

Education in Russia is at a low ebb. Only twelve per cent. of the population can read and write.

A CHEAP COTTAGE.

An Inexpensive and Convenient House for Country or Village.

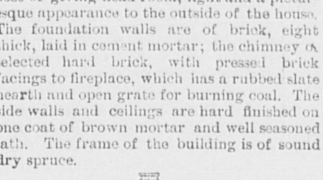
These drawings represent the front and side elevations of a cheap cottage, suitable for the country or suburbs of a city. There is a cellar under the entire building 6 feet 6 inches in height. The height of the first story is 9 feet, the second story 8 feet 6 inches in the clear. The first story contains a sitting room, which also serves as a parlor, living room or kitchen combined, with closets and



FRONT ELEVATION.

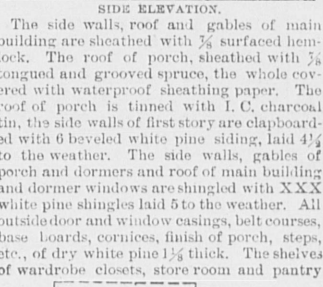
staircase hall. The front entrance is protected by a neat porch, which gives an attractive appearance to the building. In the second story are two good sized chambers and two small bedrooms, with closets, staircase hall and stairs leading to the attic. The attic is unfinished with the exception of the floor.

The stairway is lighted by means of a dormer window, which serves a threefold purpose of giving head room, light and a picturesque appearance to the outside of the house. The foundation walls are of brick, eight thick, laid in cement mortar; the chimney is selected hard brick, with pressed brick facings to fireplace, which has a rubbed slate hearth and open grate for burning coal. The side walls and ceilings are hard finished on one coat of brown mortar and well seasoned lath. The frame of the building is of sound dry spruce.



THE SIDE ELEVATION.

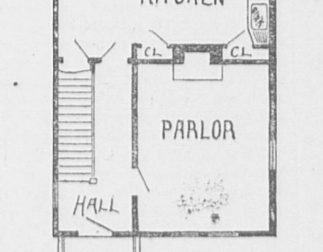
The side walls, roof and gables of main building are sheathed with 3/4 surfaced hemlock. The roof of porch, sheathed with 3/4 tongued and grooved spruce, the whole covered with waterproof sheathing paper. The roof of porch is trussed with L.C. charcoal tin, the side walls of first story are clapboarded with 6 beveled white pine siding, laid 4 1/2 to the weather. The side walls, gables of porch and dormers and roof of main building and dormer windows are shingled with XXX white pine shingles laid 5 to the weather. All outside door and window casings, belt courses, base boards, cornices, finish of porch, steps, etc., of dry white pine 1 1/4 thick. The shelves of wardrobe closets, store room and pantry



FIRST STORY PLAN.

are of whitewood, the treads and risers of stairs of yellow pine, rails, newels and balusters of cherry, all other inside woodwork, except doors, of North Carolina pine.

The front door is 3'x5'7 1/2; outside kitchen door, 1 1/2'x2'10 1/2; closet doors of first story, 1 1/2'x2'4 1/2; main room doors of first story, 1 1/2'x2'8 1/2; the second story closet doors, 1 1/2'x2'4 1/2; main room doors of second story, 1 1/2'x2'8 1/2; attic doors, 1 1/2'x2'6 1/2; all of white pine or white wood, four panels molded both sides, hinged with black japanned iron butts, brass faced mortise locks, black japanned iron roses, drops and escutcheons in the first story; black japanned rim locks.



SECOND STORY PLAN.

brown mineral knobs, black japanned iron roses, drops and escutcheons and butts in the second story and attic. First story floor of 3/4 yellow pine; second story floor of 3/4 merchantable white pine; attic floor of 3/4 spruce, all tongued and grooved, mill worked and blind nailed to each bearing; porch floor, 1 1/2'x4 white pine. Window sash 1 1/2' thick, of white pine.

DAVID W. KING.

BEST.

Mother, I see you with your nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best!

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast.
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine—
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore oppressed;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harm,
And that is best.

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's gracious run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblessed;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that scars,
Dark guilt unvisited by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
Oh, how much the best!

But grief is selfish, and I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest;
But I know that, as well as for them, for me
God did the best!

—New York Mail and Express.

A Charter Luncheon.

A "charter luncheon" at the Women's New Century club house was given on Monday, March 10, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the incorporation of the club, which is now thirteen years old. About 120 ladies sat down at the small tables. The club has a membership of 340. The menu was cherrystone oysters on the half shell, bouillon, deviled crabs, sweetbread patties in darioles.

With green peas, tomato salad with slices of saltine served in aspic jelly, the usual ices, cakes and coffee. It was served by Augustin Baptiste. A number of toasts were given and responded to by the founders of the club and members.

Mrs. Mary Rockwell Hall was the toastmistress, and gave a happy little introduction to each speaker. Mrs. Edward Wetherill responded to the toast, "The men—God bless them," in a brilliant little burlesque oration.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Successful as an Architect.

"Minerva Parker, Architect and Designer," is a striking sign on South Broad street, Philadelphia. Miss Parker is the only architect of her sex in the Quaker City and one of very few in the country.

She is a pretty young woman, with dark hair and eyes and handsome teeth. She says: "I know of only two other ladies engaged in the profession. They are located at Rochester, N. Y., and have a large clientele, which nets them handsome incomes. I don't like notoriety, and have persistently avoided it, preferring that my work should be my advertisement. I am now engaged upon the plans for a railroad bridge, a number of small dwellings and a stable. I am in love with my profession, and can say that it has proven one of profit and pleasure."—Philadelphia Letter.

Plain Cotton Dresses.

Ladies making up cotton dresses are advised that all new models for these dresses are severely plain. Embroideries are rich, but are sparingly used. The all over embroideries formerly used for fronts and yoke have almost disappeared from the merchants' counters.

An excellent model for a gingham dress for a slight figure is a round baby waist, with a full sleeve held together by a group of three or four fine tucks, about three inches long, placed in the center of the outside of the sleeve near the elbow. The full, round skirt is then left without drapery, with a deep hem at the foot and tucks, or with an embroidered front breadth, when the neck and sleeves of the corsage are finished with bands of embroidery or a Vandyke collar and cuffs.—Fashion Letter.

Birds and Bugs for Flowers.

Flowers are fading as trimmings for evening dresses and the fashion is setting in

W. O. HEWETT & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

NEW FLANNELETS, GINGHAMS, CHAMBRAYS, SATINES, CHALLIES, PRINTS, ETC. NEW

THE FASHION BOOKS

Say this is to be a

Cotton Year!

So we have purchased accordingly.

We have added a line of

Cotton Underwear

for ladies; and it will surprise you how little it costs; why you can purchase many garments for about the cost of the material.

JERSEY VESTS

2 for 15c.

Just think of it! Only 7 1-2c each.

JERSEY VESTS

2 for 25c.

We sold about a hundred dozen of a Jersey Vest at this price last summer, not as good value as this lot.

THE KAPO CORSET

STILL LEADS THE VAN.

Warranted not to break or roll up.

Black -:- Hosiery!

W. O. HEWETT & CO.

Have a line of

Fast Black Hosiery

that the color is NOT fast to LEAVE but fast to STAY, in fact they warrant them to be a perfect fast black, and they will not crock or turn green. Your money returned to you if they

JOB LOT

Stamped Tray Cloths,

(ALL LINEN)

2 for 25 Cents.

A Bargain of Bargains.

SPECIAL DRIVE

In a JOB LOT of

UMBRELLAS

62 1-2c and 75c Each.

Agents for the Old Staten Island Dyeing Establishment.

W. O. Hewett & Co.

ROCKLAND, ME.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN.

PRACTICAL ITEMS SURE TO INTEREST THRIFTY AGRICULTURISTS.

The Subject of "Artificial" Versus Natural Chickens Considered by a New Jersey Correspondent in American Agriculturist—Both Sides of the Story Told.

A writer who is an authority on poultry matters asks poultry raisers how chickens hatched in an incubator and raised in a brooder, can possibly differ from hen reared ones. There is no difference in the plumage and "fancy points" of natural and artificial chickens, but as a general thing brooder raised fowls are smaller and less stalwart than their kinsfolk from the old fashioned coops. When the conditions are perfect, when the chickens are hatched in an incubator with an interior uniform of temperature and plentiful of humidity, and kept quietly, in the dark, until they are strong on their legs; when they learn at once the way to their brooder, and never get chilled; when they have exercised enough while feathering; they may grow into fine breeding stock—ideal cockerels and pullets. Such up bringing is a successful imitation of a good hen, who comforts the wretched wet chickling in her downy breast until it is dry and strong, and who calls it to her when it first complains of cold, and sternly orders it home if it wanders too far in its first feeble days.

But, unfortunately, the other side of the story is more frequently true. As a matter of fact, there are twenty different temperatures inside of most incubators. Especially is this so of those warped and shrunken from several years' use. The germs in the eggs, exposed to those varying temperatures, are weakened and deformed. While the chicks are "drying off," after being hatched, they often complain from the cold more than they would if under a hen, and no wonder, for they go crawling restlessly about over each other's sticky bodies, instead of nestling in soft feathers. Some machines, too, have absurdly light nurseries, where the baby chicks run up and down begging for food before they are thoroughly dry.

The brooders they are afterwards moved into may be good in their way, but have not the power to call their wandering children home, and the amazing stupidity of some little chickens will cause them to stand screaming with bewilderment and cold when there is a shelter a foot away from them, heated to ninety-five degrees. The brooders are, however, often not at all good in their way. Not to mention the great errors of overcrowding and dirt, they are often so hot as to cause faintness in the chicks, and to stunt the growth of those they do not kill.

Incubators are indispensable now. The vast majority of hens refuse to sit in time to supply a most remunerative demand, and our brooder houses make us independent of Dame Partlet as far as the market is concerned; but unless we rely on her for breeding stock our poultry may sadly deteriorate.

Starting Flower Seeds Indoors.

In capricious climates the surest method for obtaining early blooming plants, where one is not provided with a green house or hot bed, is to sow the seeds in shallow boxes and place in windows with a southern exposure. A kitchen with sunny windows is an excellent place, as it is usually warm enough, and then the steam arising from the range is good for the plants. For sowing seeds in there is nothing better than shallow boxes from two to three inches deep, and of any convenient size. The most suitable soil in which to sow seeds of all the smaller kinds is a very fine, rich, sandy loam; if some fine charcoal can be mixed with it, it will be beneficial. The soil from old hot beds is excellent. After the seeds are up give them plenty of air and moisture, and yet not too much water, or they will "damp off." When the young plants are well out of the seed leaf they must be transplanted to new boxes or pots. At transplanting an effective plan, advocated by the well known New York seedsman, James M. Thorburn, is to take out the inside of a potato or turnip, leaving a shell half an inch thick; after filling these with the compost above referred to, set out the seedlings in them, and place the whole in boxes, filling in the spaces between the potatoes or turnips with soil. When the plants are ready to set in the open ground it is an easy matter to transplant them, and as the decay of the turnips or potatoes affords nourishment to the young plants, a double purpose is served in using them.

Origin of High Knee Action.

An English writer claims that high knee action, which he considers to be necessary to fast trotting, had its origin in England in the far off days before the coming of Caesar. It seems to us to be certain that at first the high knee action was found combined with profuse hair on tail, neck and fetlock. Of course the action has been modified, and the legs, too—the American speed records are an illustration of this. But the high knee action originated, as we believe, in Britain, before the Romans came to teach us how to make roads. When wheeled vehicles had to be dragged, full speed, over land covered with sedge and rank herbage, the horses had to lift their feet. The fact that the original inhabitants of Britain were bad roadmakers made it imperative that their horses should have action suitable to such "going" as there was, and that meant that they must lift their feet well off the ground. Their shaggy coats were consequences of a climate which made such hair necessary for survival of a British spring. What the Americans seem to have done is to combine the gait of the western horse with the nostril and clean bone of the Oriental.

Dr. Ward, of New Jersey, good authority, speaks well of the Crystal Raspberry. He considers it far better than Golden Queen in flavor and color.

THEY GRADUATE.

Exercises of the Union High School (Specially reported for the COURIER-GAZETTE by George.)

Graduating exercises of Union High School, class of '90, was held at City Hall Friday evening, April 18th. The large hall was filled, many being obliged to stand throughout the evening. The programme was particularly interesting, every part being well delivered and of such interest as to compel the admiration of all present.

Rev. J. D. Payson offered prayer which was followed by music by the orchestra, L. R. Morton, leader; Miss Lola Burton, organist. The violin solo by Miss Edith Bessey was warmly received as well as the cornet playing of Miss May Andrews.

The class of seven young ladies is here given and brief mention made of papers read.

Salutatory—Sunshine and Shadow, by M. Etta Hemenway, was a well written paper of unusual excellence, and as such received a hearty welcome from the audience. Miss Hemenway's views of sunshine and shadow in life clearly show that she has studied earnestly and well to solve the problem so perplexing to many of us. The idea expressed throughout is that all must expect bright as well as dark days and a cheerful bit of advice is given as to the best method of receiving and enjoying the one and enduring the other in a submissive manner. Miss Hemenway has a very pleasant voice which added to the force of the essay.

Class History, by Fannie T. Tolman, was a well written paper abounding with an array of facts and figures of historic interest to the class and friends of the same. We are told that the tallest member of the class is five feet eight and one-half inches, shortest five feet one inch, average five feet five inches; oldest twenty years, youngest fifteen, average seventeen years six months; the heaviest tips the scales at 150 pounds, the lightest at 106 pounds, average 129 pounds; smallest boot worn No. 2, largest No. 4 1-2. The figures are suggestive of a good healthy constitution and an excellent understanding with proper weight to fight the battle of life.

Essay—"No Royal Road to Learning," by Marcia A. Greene, was nicely written and well read, abounding with many pertinent remarks of interest and value.

Poem—Sowing and Reaping, by Alice L. Cole, was read in a very pleasant manner and by request we give it entire below:

When waking from their slumber
Were f. rest, field and hill,
And freed from icy fetters
Were rivulet and rill,
A youth went forth one morning
To sow his early seed,
Choosing the sunny hillside
Rather than shady mead.

He with untiring patience
Had worked with plow and spade,
Till his earned labors
A garden plot had made;
And out on the sunny hillside,
Over the fertile land,
He sowed the seed that morning
With true and careful hand.

Spring, with its balmy breezes,
Soon passed from hill and plain,
And the soft breath of summer
Waved the swift growing grain.
Summer, and still the sower
Did work with patient toil,
For tho' they be not planted
Weeds will spring from the soil.

The waving grain grew higher
And caught a golden glow
That deepened with each drawing
Till 'tho' a hungry foe
From a safe distance watching
Did long to share the crop;
He could not for the sower
His ceaseless watch did keep.

And when the tints of autumn
Were over wood and hill,
He who had sown in springtime
And labored with a will
Thro'out the summer season
His rich reward received;
With joy he marches homeward
Bearing the golden sheaves.

Another youth one morning,
Careless of where he fell,
Scattered his seed at springtime
Within a grassy dell;
The weeds sprang up and choked it,
But thinking he had sown
And naught remained but reaping
When the rich grain had grown.

He spent no time in labor,
But all the summer long
Lied away the morning
With pleasure, laughter, song,
And when at time of harvest
He forth to reap did go,
To where with careless motion
He sowed in springtime—lo!

Save weeds and stones and stubble
And dead leaves, naught was there;
And he quite empty handed—
Returned in deep despair.
Learning that in the autumn
Naught reap we from the soil,
Unless in spring we sow
We patiently do toil.

Those who in life's brief season
Carelessly sow the seed
And think—the sowing over
To work there is no need,
Will find that in the harvest
There are more weeds than grain,
And having gained that wisdom
Will to sow o'er again.

Too late for recommencement
When life's best years have flown,
And then to learn the lesson
We reap as we have sown.
How many lives are wasted?
How many hearts cry then
With a sad, useless cadence,
"Alas! it might have been."

We have our lives before us,
Our springtime yet we hold;
Oh! let us till the moment—
Ere autumn finds us old—
With earnest useful labor,
Sowing our springtime leaves;
Else we shall not in autumn
Garner the ripened sheaves.

ALICE LENA COLE.

Essay—Step by Step, by Carrie M. Walcott. "Step by Step" is the motto of the class of '90, and Miss Walcott's paper contained an array of statistics exemplifying the idea that step by step we must go in order to reach the uppermost round in the ladder of success. The essay was carefully prepared and well read.

Class Prophecy, by May A. Robbins was a charming essay and received much applause because of the many delightful bits of humor given throughout the reading. Miss Robbins wove her story entwined in visions of fairyland, which fact was all the more pleasant as the audience welcomed it as something out of the usual line. It is a question which time alone can answer, whether the prophecy will prove true or otherwise.

Valedictory—Our Public Schools, by Ida F. Morse. This paper contained many points of unusual value to all interested in the cause of education. It is to be hoped that the audience appreciated and gave due credit for so many blocks of sound solid sense. The essay was well written and well delivered.

The address of Supervisor Alden was a long argument on "Pleasures of knowledge and education as our own work." The paper was well delivered and showed careful research and preparation. It is to be regretted that space will not allow us to make extracts.

The class were presented with their diplomas by the Supervisor and the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. J. D. Payson.

A valued exchange tells us of a family who were opposed on principle to ventilation, and slept with all their windows closed tight. The whole family fell ill, when a window pane was accidentally broken, and none of them being able to mend it all recovered. This is a pretty story, but where were the old hats?

Dr. Charles M. Cresson, of the Philadelphia board of health, calls public attention to the poisonous metallic coverings on glass jars of vegetables. A loose plate of glass is held in place by a metallic cap. Over this is another stamped metallic cap. The tin on the metal covers is so adulterated that lead poisoning may take place from it. The covers upon glass jars of asparagus and peas the doctor found most dangerous.

An army officer explains the fact that private soldiers do menial work for officers paid for it, and a soldier will eke out his \$13 a month by doing such service very willingly. Therefore the army officer concludes it is all right for the private soldier to black his superior's boots. By no means. A soldier of the United States army has no business to black an officer's boots. He did not hire himself to the government to be a body servant to any man. There is a certain fitness in things.

For Europe, Africa is the country of the future. America has been tolerably well occupied by the white man. So has Australia. Africa is the only rich new continent that has not yet wholly yielded to his sway. In the next hundred years immense wealth will be realized there. A question of the greatest interest is whether the negro will vanish before the white man, as the red Indian has done in America, as the aborigines have done in Australia. As to that, in the United States, where the African negro is not native, but was transplanted, he not only holds his own in numbers against the white man, but is claimed by race alarmists to be even gaining on him. Perhaps the all conquering white man cannot blot out the negro from Africa.

A HANDSOME OFFICE.

Postmaster Singh at Camden is having his office refitted and several important changes made. New plate glass front boxes from the Corbin Cabinet Lock Co. are being put in, and a money order and private office added, which will make it one of the prettiest and most convenient offices in the state. Frank is pretty proud of his office.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. O. S. Andrews having closed out his stock of goods to the Rockland News Co., desires to thank his customers for their past patronage and hopes for a continuance of the same to the new firm. Mr. Andrews will remain at his old stand until further notice.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to tender my sincere thanks to all the people connected with the Thorndike Hotel at Rockland, to the Masons and the members of the Grand Army Post and their wives for their great kindness and sympathy to me at the time of sickness and death of my late husband, William B. Eaton.

Respectfully,
NELLIE M. EATON.

THE WEDDING OF AN EDITOR.

The wedding of the editor of the Deer Isle Gazette, Mr. Percival Knowlton, and Miss Elvora Simpson of Green's Landing, took place at their residence in Dr. Frink's block, Main street, Saturday evening. About fifty friends were present. Rev. L. Collins was officiating clergyman. Miss Edna Knowlton, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Mr. John Eaton, uncle of the bride, was best man. The bride wore a neatly fitting costume of green silk trimmed with light satin with orange blossoms in her hair and handsome bouquet of natural flowers in the corsage of satin. A large table was loaded with rich gifts, the most of them silver. A nice silver service helped fill the number. Some very handsome hand painted pictures were sent from distant friends. An ash chamber set presented by Dr. and Mrs. Chilcott of Bangor was a little late and will arrive this week. The parlor was handsomely decorated with evergreens and wreaths and everybody looked pleasant and smiling. The bride and groom belong to two of the most respectable families in the village. Mr. Knowlton is a self made man, and by industry and perseverance he has built up the business in which he is now engaged. Every one wishes them the best of prosperity, and we hope his old patrons will come down with the stamps and increase his subscription list.

ATLANTIC.

Al Leach, our meat man is handling quite a quantity of meat. He is a smart business man and deserves success.

Last Thursday Irving Torrey swamped his boat in Placentia Sound and nearly lost his life. He was picked up by Mr. Oliver Joyce after being in the water twenty minutes. The boat came up next day and was towed in.

Miss Lizette Torrey went to Bangor last week, where she will stay the summer. —Laura Joyce came home from Bar Harbor on a short visit last Friday—Mrs. Edith Staples and Miss Hattie Joyce are in Rockland visiting relatives.

We have three quarries now, worked by Pettengill, Harvey and Taylor. A blacksmith shop and boarding house have been erected at Toothacher's Cove and work is being pushed on the wharf. About twenty men are employed cutting stone.

BURKETTVILLE.

Elbridge Fish is on a business trip to New Hampshire.

Miss Alice C. Walker is at South Union working for Brown Bros.

Geo. Fish recently returned from Sears-port with two horses for summer work.

E. E. Light took a business trip to Boston last week. He purchased a new horse.

Geo. Rokes has lately sold his noted oxen "Cleveland and Hendricks" to parties in St. George for a high price, and replaced them by another pair of fine appearance.

A dozen of willing hearts and ready hands assembled at J. M. Light's on the afternoon of the 12th inst. and fitted up a large pile of stove-wood. Mr. L. is not able to do any work an account of an attack of la grippe which has greatly injured his eyesight.

School meetings have been held in the several districts in this vicinity. Geo. Malay is agent in No. 12 and has engaged the services of Miss Mary Fish as teacher for the year. Ira Hannon is agent in No. 4 and has employed Miss Hattie Burkett. Miss Corene Mills will teach in North Union. These have all taught several terms in the same places where now engaged, and is an endorsement of their fitness that is flattering to them, and shows the wisdom of the districts in giving preference to our own teachers who are worthy of their confidence.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

Progressive Lodge initiated three members at their last meeting, and eight applications for membership were received. It was voted to have a sociable May night. Mrs. Manning, Mrs. A. E. Paine, Miss Etta Hall and Frank E. Ulmer were elected delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention—Limerock Valley Lodge has recently received two more members.



ALL ABOARD! LAST CHANCE!

We quote the following prices for this week only:

Choice St. Louis Flour, warranted.....	\$1 75
24 lbs. Sugar.....	1 00
24 lbs. Sugar.....	1 00
Best St. Louis Shorts, per bag.....	1 50
Corn Meal and Cracked Corn, per bag.....	1 20
Dried Smoking Tobacco, per lb.....	25c
Choice Oolong Tea, per lb.....	25c
Choice Rio Coffee, per lb.....	25c
Best Bangor or Boston Crackers, no charge for barrel, per lb.....	6c
1 can Sugar, 1 Tomatoes and 1 Peas.....	25c
3 bottles Choice Catsup.....	25c

FISH DEPARTMENT.

We are receiving daily Fresh Cod, Haddock, Halibut, Lobsters, etc. Fresh Boiled Lobsters every morning.

J. Donahue & Co.'s

ROCKLAND TRUST CO.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

.....TO LET AT.....

\$5, \$8, \$10 a Year

[ACCORDING TO SIZE]

In the Vault of the Rockland Trust Co.

22-This will be found a safe place for

Valuable Papers, Bonds, Stocks, Etc., being

Fire Proof and Burglar Proof.

This company transacts a General

Banking Business, and deals in Bonds,

Bank Stocks and other conservative

income securities.

ROCKLAND TRUST CO.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

.....TO LET AT.....

\$5, \$8, \$10 a Year

[ACCORDING TO SIZE]

In the Vault of the Rockland Trust Co.

22-This will be found a safe place for

Valuable Papers, Bonds, Stocks, Etc., being

Fire Proof and Burglar Proof.

This company transacts a General

Banking Business, and deals in Bonds,

Bank Stocks and other conservative

income securities.

ROCKLAND TRUST CO.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

.....TO LET AT.....

\$5, \$8, \$10 a Year

[ACCORDING TO SIZE]

In the Vault of the Rockland Trust Co.

22-This will be found a safe place for

Valuable Papers, Bonds, Stocks, Etc., being

Fire Proof and Burglar Proof.

This company transacts a General

Banking Business, and deals in Bonds,

Bank Stocks and other conservative

income securities.

ROCKLAND TRUST CO.

A Splendid Tribute

From an Eminent Man.

REV. GEO. D. LINDSAY,

of Bangor, Me., gives the following

tribute in the Methodist News to

Bell's Sarsaparilla!

"At this season of the year, when the system is naturally undergoing a change, and when there is so much need that effete matter should be driven from the body, one reasonably looks around for such a remedy as will accomplish the work in a radical and successful way. Do you want such a remedy? Then we commend to you 'Bell's Sarsaparilla,' which not only destroys deleterious substances, but also gives a tone and strength to the entire organization. We hear nothing but words of hearty commendation of this excellent medicine."

By All Druggists, 50 Cents.

A. M. ROBINSON, JR., Apothecary, Proprietor, Bangor, Me.

Trade supplied by the Wholesale Drug Trade Throughout New England.

H. O. GURDY & CO.

-DEALERS IN-

COAL

Of all sizes,

WOOD

Long and fitted for the stove.

Lime, Cement and Plastering Hair,

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

FLOUR AND FEED

Prompt attention to orders by telephone or otherwise.

No. 1 Camden St., Rockland, Me.

Fred R. Spear

Has in stock all of the following

FIRST QUALITY COALS

And is the only dealer in the city who has at the present time the genuine

Franklin COAL, Red Ash

My stock includes all sizes

Free Burning White Ash, Lehigh Egg and

Broken White Ash, Franklin Stove,

Red Ash, (the only genuine),

George's Creek Cumberland

Coal,

(Unequaled for Smithing and Steam purposes.)

-ALSO A FULL STOCK OF-

Wood, Hay, Straw, Lime, Hair,

BRICK, SAND,

Rosendale & Portland Cement.

FIRE CLAY

Chimney Pipe & Tops

This pipe is made from Pure Fire Clay expressly for chimneys and is the safest and most durable of any chimney pipe in the market. It is easily put up by any intelligent person.

Akron Drain Pipe!

The Akron is now the standard for excellence all over the United States, and is more reliable as to durability and finish than any other kind.

KEROSENE OIL AT WHOLESALE.

First Quality Goods!

Prices as Low as the Lowest!

Prompt and Satisfactory Delivery!

22-Orders received by Telephone. Please call and obtain prices before purchasing.

FRED R. SPEAR,

NO. 4 PARK ST., - ROCKLAND, ME.

S. G. Prescott & Co.

Have in stock all sizes of free burning</